

THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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A Valedictory Address On The Meaning of College

MARVIN WHITAKER

Rhetoric 102, Theme 6

AS A UNIVERSITY SENIOR I CAN NOW CONFESS THAT MY work and achievements at this institution during the last four years have penetrated far deeper and have become a more concrete part of my nature than I formerly believed they could. The many hours of hard work, which I unwillingly submitted to at first, have kindled a spark which, I know, lies dormant in all thinking young men. During my junior year, when I reached the varsity squad, a goal which I first believed impossible to attain, the spark was transformed into a blazing fire of enthusiasm which, I know, will stay with me for the rest of my life. My Bachelor of Sports Degree, I now perceive, is not enough; nor will even a Master's Degree suffice. My eyes are directed upward toward an idealistic, almost unobtainable goal—to be the perfect left tackle.

In referring to my own small success in college, I must sacrifice modesty in the hope that others may profit if my example can be of some value to them.

What is a college education? Is it knowledge of those things contained in books? Is it the curiosity and desire to perhaps extend a point of knowledge until one discovers another fact to add to still another book? No indeed, it is not. From my first semester, I realized this and frankly admitted that I must not become engaged in any such energy-sapping activities. Vowing not to waste my parents' money, I devoted myself to athletics and saw the virtue of doing so at an earlier period than did most of my friends.

I have heard much comment and many arguments pleading the cause of de-emphasis of scholastics. Scholastics, and the superficial success and honor derived from proficiency in this branch of college, have never been a problem to me. I am now convinced, and have been assured by some professional ball-players and many college coaches, that scholastics and the evils thereof need not be seriously considered as a threat to the firm foundations on which our educational institutions have been established. In retrospect, I am becoming more and more convinced that the problems of too much studying, too many scholastic scholarships, and the scandals involving the ominous "hand-of-assistance" aid to students enrolled solely for scholastic purposes have been blown up to a prominence all out of proportion to the small gravity which these incidents, in reality, should command. Superficial and insignificant though they were, intellectual achievements attracted many of my friends,

and perhaps only now are they beginning to realize what they have lost in becoming devoted to scholastics. The very essence of college life slipped through their grasp.

Doubly reassuring to me, during my sophomore year, was to see the University president at that time (his name escapes me now) in our dressing room before game-time giving rub-downs, taping up ankles and supplying oranges cut in half for the team to suck on. If we were ahead at half-time, his face would be happy indeed as he greeted us with cool towels and encouraged us to keep it up. When we defeated our closest rivals during the closing seconds of the game which terminated the 1951 season (perhaps you remember), the poor man's admiration for us reached the point where he was almost groveling at our feet with joy. I looked upon him as a happy, blubbering man who had missed his chance.

Somehow, to me, this ordinary university president symbolized what might have been for me and for many good ball-players had we gone after the temporary glory and recognition of college scholastics. But, firm in purpose, I and hundreds of others have achieved the deep, creative, nearly spiritual satisfaction that one realizes in selfless dedication to the solving of problems inherent in the Split-T formation.

Hard work is always necessary for a college education, but the student must not be diverted. His goal must not be forgotten. The goal is there, and with it the opportunity for achievement and mastery which will give a ball player a lasting feeling of true accomplishment and a confidence in the future—a future which he knows can contain for him something of sterling value—to be a competent competitor and winner in the sport of his choosing.

MAN AND THE SOIL

I feel that the soil and the plants which grow in it are surpassed in their importance to mankind by nothing else on earth.

How does man treat the soil—his God-given heritage? Does he preserve it for future generations? Does he realize that his very life depends on it? It is natural to assume that he would revere it and care for it; but, unfortunately, that is hardly the case. Because there has always been plenty of land, he exploits and virtually ruins it for future generations. I will not take the time here to tell of his conquest of the earth—of his destruction of the soil of Mesopotamia in ancient times, of China in the past few centuries, and of the United States in modern times. I could tell of the cotton sharecropper, who has contributed as much to the poverty of the South as did the Civil War, or of the "Plow that Broke the Plains," or of the pioneers in the Middle West, who prophesied that there was enough soil to last forever, and farmed accordingly—. But suffice it for me to say that, through careless farming, man is destroying his soil infinitely faster than it is being built up. The same men who worry about the surpluses of today may live to worry about the shortages of tomorrow.

JAMES B. ALLEN, 101.

Quiet Power

MARGARET P. PERKINS

Rhetoric x101, Theme 11

ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO THE MEMBERS OF THE WESTERN Society of Engineers and their families were invited to visit the biggest television station and studio in Chicago. My husband, a practicing engineer, and my son, a potential engineer, were eager to examine the mechanical workings of the station, while I, knowing nothing about things technical, was curious to learn whether newscasters read their information from placards or memorized it, how much makeup, if any, was needed, and how the "props" operated. In other words, the men were interested in the television station, where programs were received and transmitted, and I was interested in the studio, where programs were produced.

In the main room of the station we saw powerful transformers—a dozen or more—and control boards galore with red lights, green lights, and yellow lights to indicate activity in one spot or another. A maze of wires and cables connected these two features. Later, we were taken into smaller rooms which were crowded with powerful television equipment. Since the technical explanations were not understandable to me, and since I was taking up valuable space in these wee compartments, I left the engineers and returned to the main room, which housed the control boards and the television screens. Seated before the main control board were two young men, wearing headphones, watching the signals and writing down messages received over the phones.

From a window in this room I could see the river traffic and the elevated trains going their busy way. Suddenly I became aware that, while traffic was screeching, tooting, and clanging along outside, here, amidst this vast amount of power, there was not a sound. The men at the control boards were watching, listening, and writing without making themselves audible. The lights they watched were silent, yet indicative of great power. The messages they received over their phones must have had great significance, yet they were not heard. The notations put down on paper surely must have been necessary, yet they were silent. The phrase "quiet power" came to mind as the best expression for the feeling which here engulfed me and which has since been a source of frequent contemplation and observation.

In these days of high-gearred engines we tend to equate power with noise. The boiler room of a city waterworks is a deafening place, but we figure that it takes noise as well as power to force water into all the taps of a city. We expect a hundred pounds of dynamite to make itself heard when it splits a rock to fragments. But for a long time nature has managed to wield power without noise. Each year millions of gallons of sap are raised to the tips of

the tallest trees without a sound. A rock is held in place for a thousand years by the power of balance and cohesion, which work silently.

It may be that silence is really a sign that no power is being wasted. When the sea roars and lashes itself about, its power is less than that of the soundless tide. An engine makes the most noise when it is losing compression. Perhaps it is true that men say least when they shout most stridently. Maybe nations speak less effectively when their guns bark. Maybe civilization cannot be judged by the racket it raises any more than the quality of music can be judged by the distance it carries. Maybe children would pay more attention to what we have to say if we didn't talk so loud. And if we didn't talk at all, maybe we might hear ourselves think.

Conjectures like these have come to me often since that day in the television station. Such a humbling experience has led me to search for concrete evidence of quiet power. A friend's firm handclasp in time of disappointment, bereavement or heartache; a pat on the back and a cheery smile in time of discouragement or uncertainty; a note of congratulation, appreciation or sympathy—these are samples of quiet power. So, too, are the patient teaching and training of the educable mentally handicapped, the considerate ministrations of the nurse, and the listening done by the psychologist, the physician and the psychiatrist. Far more effective are they than the aid and comfort expressed more vociferously.

Thus, this short visit to the television station, which I did not anticipate with any degree of delight, not only demonstrated the power of man and his ability to control it, but sharpened my perception for the quiet power of nature's wonders, led me to appreciate anew the need for more quiet power, and helped me to revalue, as important in life, the quiet power of understanding, love and truth.

The sleek toboggan tied behind us slithered over the icy road and weaved lazily with the motion of the car. We cruised slowly around town looking without success for a hilly spot.

"There's terrific tobogganing at Cary," someone said, and we all heckled the driver to take us there.

"A thirty mile drive is no fun with all you kids jumping in the back seat," he said. "I can't even see out the back window. Four of you will have to ride on the toboggan."

He stopped, and four of us scrambled out, fighting to sit in front. I won by practically shoving the boy I was with out into the street. We hung onto each other tug-of-war fashion as the car started up jerkily, and then huddled together trying to protect ourselves against the biting wind and the cold, wet snowflakes which beat down on our faces. The car picked up speed and the toboggan practically flew along. We approached a curve and saw two pinpoints of light ahead of us piercing the haze of snow. Suddenly, the toboggan hit a bump on the slippery curve and lurched crazily into the middle of the road. The boy in back of me reached over my head and tried desperately to pull in the slack rope as the pin-points of light became beacons.

"Roll off!" he screamed, but I sat paralyzed as the onrushing car loomed up before me. I put my hands in front of my face, but the bumper kept coming on and on.

—GLORIA FOGARTY, 101.

Segregation in the Schools

JANET SCHULTE

Placement Theme

IN SCHOOL THE CHILDREN ARE TAUGHT THAT "ALL MEN are created equal." They are expected to believe this. In many schools they are also expected to believe that Negro children ought to attend other schools because they were not created equal to white children. Children see this conflict of beliefs quite clearly, as they are called upon to accept both at once. By the time they begin to think, they will be able to accept only one. If they believe all men are created equal, they will believe that segregation is wrong and that the school is wrong to approve it. They will lose respect for the school and anything it teaches, including the ideals of equality which it so readily contradicts in practice. If the children accept inequality as practiced in segregation, they will also lose respect for what the school teaches.

Whatever the guiding powers of a school may believe concerning equality, they generally hold that the school should be respected. If young children can recognize a conflict of beliefs and see through the vague hypocrisies surrounding it, surely intelligent professional educators can. They can also recognize the disrespect of the children on encountering hypocrisy and they can recognize the resulting danger to their school's prestige. Therefore, they try to resolve the conflict, if only for the sake of peace and respectability.

There are three general solutions to their problem. An easy solution for a small school is to teach only what the most influential leaders believe. This may be convenient but it is not democratic. And if democratic ideals are taught, the problem of hypocrisy will not be solved; it will only be moved to more dangerous ground. As a second solution, the leaders of the school can take no action at all and, in effect, tell the students: "We believe nothing. Do what you like. We won't teach you anything more than you can learn from a dictionary." This seems to be an admirable, open-minded attitude and it certainly gives everyone plenty of freedom. Of course, the teachers cannot do their jobs and the school's educational program is reduced to the motto "Guess," but no one's beliefs are hurt or denied or accepted. The school ceases to be a school as far as segregation is concerned since it cannot teach anything concerning it. This practice was adopted in the study of Darwinism, and the Southern schools involved lost a good deal of respect. It seems likely that this solution would also be unsatisfactory, though it offers a certain freedom to be silent about the original problem.

My last solution is not one the school leaders would accept. It would create dissension, confusion, and open contradiction in place of the former quiet hypocrisy. It is not an easy answer and it may be impossible; yet it seems to

be the only real solution. The conflict should be brought into the open where the children can get a clean look at it. To do this, those engaged in the conflict would have to do some clear thinking supported by facts and logic. They would have to think the way they teach their students to think, and, as any student knows, this is painful on the first attempt. If, on careful study, it should be scientifically proved that non-whites are in some way inferior to whites, this discovery should be taught as a fact. But if the old phrase about men being created equal should be scientifically proved true, it too should be taught as a fact. Individual teachers should have a right to their various opinions and should be allowed to express them. If their students know the facts, the opinion "I don't like Negroes" may have as much meaning as the opinion "I don't like people who smoke pipes."

As I mentioned, this solution would not be popular among important people with opinions. It demands clear thinking, a sometimes embarrassing examination of one's prejudices, and a willingness to admit one's fallibility. All these things are not pleasant; in fact, they generally make one uncomfortable, but without them it seems impossible to practice what the schools try to teach.

DIVINA TERRA

In a remote section of northern Illinois lies an uncultivated land mass which, because of its dense forests and inconvenience, is totally destitute of inhabitants. Through pre-emption my father and I acquired the area, which we named *Divina Terra*. *Divina Terra* is almost entirely surrounded by a lake which we named Lake *Cinque* because of its resemblance to an inverted 5. Our cottage is located in the center of the loop formed by the lake. Since it is the only source of water within a reasonable distance, the lake attracts most of the animals of the region. On stormy days the lake overruns its irregular bank and approaches the cottage in a pseudopodic fashion. In various areas the trees are so dense that they form a dim, jagged hallway with a leaking roof. Animal paths are the only permanent footways in the forest. The frogs and crickets praise God by night, while the many species of birds constitute the early morning choir. In the gentle breeze, the trees sway in unison to produce a continuous applauding effect.

Father and I frequently spent many days at *Divina Terra* as weekend sportsmen. Together we admired the simplicity and peace of the rustic woodland and ate of its fruits. Together we hunted and fished, free from civilization. When we grew tired, we slept in the tall, green grass and dreamed of a Utopia. In the early morning we swam in the cool waters of *Cinque* along with the animals which came to take their regular baths. Occasionally our entire family came down to visit so that they too could escape the fury of city life. Together we built and repaired the cottage as its needs required.

Then, one stormy day Father became ill with such pains as I could never endure. The misery he bore became misery to me. I was afraid. The thunder disturbed my composure. The lightning destroyed my reason. And the darkness dissolved my weary thoughts. Gradually, my father's health grew weaker; he was never to recover.

Since my father took leave of me, I have frequently returned to our familiar resort as the lonely hunter constantly searching in vain for the happiness which once was mine. There with the memories of our trips, fishing, hunting and working, I rest in peace. Even though the search for total happiness is a fruitless task, I cannot cease, for I arrive at an unexplainable joy.

JOSEPH M. LAS CASAS, 102.

Liberal Education Versus Specialized Education

SONDRA BEAME

Rhetoric 102, Final Examination

THE COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES OF THE UNITED States increasingly have recognized the need for students of science and technology to receive training in the humanities in addition to training in their future occupational specialties. The arguments advanced in support of this position have attracted wide publicity. However, little attention has been given by the publicists among the supporters of liberal education to the problem of liberal education versus specialized education on the secondary school level. This problem is actually more important, since it affects a far greater portion of the population.

There has been a rapidly mounting enrollment in the secondary schools of the nation in courses designed to prepare the student for participation in the economic life of the community after graduation. Entire high schools have been devoted to the teaching of simple occupational skills that require a minimum of general knowledge and intelligence on the part of the student. Low-level skills are the only ones that can be taught effectively in a short time. Welding and other metal work, carpentry, baking and cooking, and commercial skills such as typing, bookkeeping, and stenography have been introduced into many high school curriculums. The traditional liberal arts subjects have continued to be taught to those enrolled in the occupational courses, but they have been taught only to the minimum extent required by state laws.

"Practical" people and some professional educators have upheld the occupational training offered in high schools. The merits of such training appear obvious; its defects are not so easy to discern. I believe such training is basically undemocratic. Moreover, instead of being practical, it is becoming more unrealistic day by day.

One of the aims of a democratic society is to enable all of its members to participate in the economic and cultural life of the community to the fullest extent of their natural capabilities. In accordance with this aim, class barriers should not be perpetuated; a democratic society should be a fluid society. But occupational training in high school for semi-skilled jobs helps to intensify class barriers. A student in the lower income group, no matter what his intellectual abilities, finds it difficult to reconcile his family's economic needs with his desires either for a college education or for additional courses in the humanities while he remains in high school. If he is forced by circumstances into the occupational program, he then spends a large part of his school day perfecting

relatively simple physical skills. Upon graduation he enters an occupation and a way of life commensurate with his meager training. He is destined to remain near or at the social-economic level of his parents.

A democratic society should be one in which every citizen has the right to engage in an occupation which enlists his full capabilities and enables him to think critically. A democratic society should not train its members to be automatons on an assembly line, to be human screwdrivers. The occupational skills currently taught in high schools foster the undemocratic ideal of man as an economic tool, as the beast of burden of part of society.

The practical-minded may agree that this is the unhappy result of such narrow training, but they counter with the argument that someone has to perform the most disagreeable tasks, if our society is to flourish. Until recently the practical-minded had the better of the argument. However, various sociologists lately have expressed the idea that no one will have to perform degrading tasks (degrading in the sense that their execution requires but animal intelligence) in the industrial society of the future. Among these sociologists is Peter Drucker, who has predicted that the forthcoming industrial plants will require intelligent thinking on the part of every employee. The purely physical labor will be performed by machines. This view is no idle vision. Drucker gives several examples of plants already in operation in which this situation exists. Among them is the Corning Glass Company in New York State.

If Drucker is correct, and I believe that he is, then the narrow, specialized occupational training currently offered in high schools is outmoded. Training in specific skills should be replaced with broad training in critical thinking and the humanities. Such broad training would prove more adaptable to the demands of ultra-modern economic life than mere physical skills.

HICK TOWN, U.S.A.

Talk about the frustration of city dwellers! When the small-town conventioneer gets out of his little rut in the ground and into the city he goes completely mad. I would venture to say that half of the dirt in Chicago was left here by the wrecking squads from the Guthery Centers the country over. Take the pious conventioneer who in his home town shields his daughter from immorality but who spends his time in the lowest kind of dive in the city. Or take indignant Mr. Knobhill, who on Sunday morning is capable of distinguishing between an "A" and an "A minor." When Mr. Knobhill reaches the big city, he may be found staggering down Broadway muttering rhymed obscenities in an off-key bourbon baritone, while keeping the city inhabitants off guard with his Captain Video water pistol. "Wine, Women, and Song" is the motto of these fly-by-night transients who play havoc with the mores of the unsuspecting urbanite.

Hypocrite—that is the only term that does justice to the true character of Rural Robert, the all-American goodie-goodie, typical of so many Guthery Centerers who raise their shaven heads in mock outrage at the so-called degeneracy of the big city and then return to their own dubious pastimes of back-yard discrimination and virtuous vice.

BILL SOHASKI, 100.

Society and Education

ELEANOR GORNTO

Rhetoric 102, Theme 13

THE VIEWS EXPRESSED BY AUTHORITIES IN THE FIELD of education on the subject of what function our colleges and universities should serve make one pause to consider the failure of education in the light of the failure of society. Any discussion of the shortcomings of our educational practices is rather like the old question of which came first, the chicken or the egg. For surely the function which education serves cannot be separated from the function which society would have it serve. Education, through the youth that it sends out into the world, shapes society, but education, as an instrument of society, is also determined by each of us. Our educational system is in no sense an isolated unit which may be condemned on its own character alone.

If there is an increased emphasis on technical training to the exclusion of the liberal arts tradition in our schools, as is so often pointed out, it is at least in part due to the fact that we live in an age which is itself the product of scientific discoveries. The demands of self-preservation in an atomic age, and the improved standard of living which technology has made possible, have made us value science as a supreme good. Scientific superiority is seen as the source of our greatest benefits and as the answer to our gravest threat. Only rarely is it said that we are faced with the need for a sense of moral awareness commensurate with the power that science has given man, if we are to know how to utilize its benefits and how to escape its power to destroy us. Such an awareness includes the need to foresee the consequences of our action as a world power and the implications of our thinking as individual citizens. It also includes the need to understand the interrelations which exist between the diversified areas of our own society and between those of the world as a whole. It has been the traditional role of the liberal arts to develop such an understanding and awareness, and they can again fulfill this function whenever we shall demand it.

Such a demand, however, must come not only from society as a whole, but from us as individuals. Each of us shares a responsibility to shape the action of society and to create the values which our educational system perfects. When each of us becomes actively interested in the political issues of our day, our universities will be a living force in the formulation of our political thinking. And when each of us comes to value the place of art in everyday living, as the Greeks and Romans once did in their Golden Age, our universities will be both the fosterers and creators of a tradition.

The opportunities for creative action are as great as our need for such action. Lincoln Steffens, in his essay on how he became a student, speaks of how "The greatest picture is not yet painted, the greatest play isn't yet written (not even by Shakespeare), the greatest poem is unsung. There isn't in all the world a perfect railroad, nor a good government, nor a sound law." It has been said, by way of reply, that in an age of such vast scientific complexities we are powerless to change the broad scheme of things. But when men accept such a view, there will be nowhere for their civilization to go; where the limits of individual creativeness have been reached, society's collective efforts will cease to grow. If we, as individuals, do not seize the opportunity to do those things which have not yet been done, to prize the spirit of creative learning as it has never yet been prized, we cannot claim that education has failed us but only that we have failed ourselves.

Television Wrestling—So What?

EUGENE R. GRIFFITHS

Placement Theme

THE SCREEN BURSTS INTO BRILLIANCE. THE HUM OF sound becomes translatable into the atavistic grunts of heavily-fleshed behemoths locked in mock-mortal combat. I am ready, beer in hand and butt in chair, for another evening of audience watching.

That's right, I said "audience watching." It has become well established that professional wrestling should no longer be termed a sport. Indeed, several authorities in the sports world have urged that accounts of this pseudo-wrestling be relegated to the drama page wherein critics (Claudia Cassidy, say) may award stars to the principals on their performance as villain or hero. Therefore, I never waste time on the well-rehearsed antics within the ring. My meat is the audience.

I have long been intrigued about the mental quirk which prompts otherwise normal people to pay good money to see a patently false performance. Do they feel the primal, electric thrill of blood lust when they watch two or more mountains of blubber wrench ineffectively at each other? Are they experiencing, however vicariously, the terrible struggle of good and evil through this ridiculous caricature of contention, the outcome of which was predetermined in the dressing-room? More pertinent, I have come to believe, is the question, "Who is responsible for the present inanity of wrestling?" Did the audience through their fickle choice of a "good guy" and a "bad guy" bring about the present foolishness? Or did those in the wrestling world dream up this means to revive a faltering box office?

I may be attempting to answer these questions in the wrong way. However, I feel that I can give no insight into the problem by watching the grunt and groan boys. The key to the enigma lies in the audience. Thus, I sit, alert, critical, brows aknit, when the cameras pan in the intense faces around the ringside. I tilt the can of beer, unmoved, when a wrestler's face, twisted inexpertly with non-felt agony, is shown.

I have compiled a vast store of mental notes from audience scenes viewed in the past. From this array of impressions I have made few, if any, conclusions, since my mind becomes inexplicably fuzzy toward the end of a long evening. My attention, of late, has been drawn to one particularly feeble old woman who attends the St. Louis Arena every Saturday. She always has a ringside seat opposite the cameras and is an excellent subject for study. For one so decrepit, she manages to take a surprisingly active role in audience appreciation. On several occasions she has wielded her ever-present umbrella with admirable effectiveness on the knuckles of whatever villain happens into range. I'm sure I can come to some dandy conclusions about her. Only . . . That damn umbrella bothers me! What in the world is *its* symbolism?

You realize now, I'm sure, that I have uncovered a problem not easily solved. Indeed, its complexities, its ramifications are of such magnitude that I have been tempted to throw it all up for some less difficult task like, say, navel contemplation. Yet, whenever I feel myself slipping—I once caught myself yelling madly for a "good guy" who was bashing his opponent's head on a ring post—whenever, as I say, I suffer a defection from my noble pursuit, something good and fine within me stirs my faltering spirit. This does not come without great cost to me, as a glance at my beer bill will attest. But I shall carry on and, who knows, I may gestate a whole new field of abnormal psychology. Krafft-Ebing, look out!

Thanksgiving

LARRY BESANT

Rhetoric 101, Theme 3

THE COLDNESS OF THE BARRACKS ROOM AWOKED ME. As I lay wishing that I didn't have to go to the bathroom and that the covers weren't pulled out at the bottom, I realized that it was Thanksgiving and that I wouldn't have to get up. Glancing out the window, I noticed that the sky was completely grey except for two thin lines of smoke drawn from the stacks of the powerhouse to a place in front of the stadium, where they were erased by the winds which funneled between the stands. I wished that I had accepted my roommate's invitation to go home with him for Thanksgiving dinner.

I wondered if I was the only one in the barracks. I wondered if my family was having turkey for dinner. I wondered if I could go back to sleep—I couldn't.

I read from Chamber's *Witness* until ten-thirty. Then I got dressed and walked to the bus stop. There were five people already on the bus. There was an old lady sitting in the rear. She carefully held a flat package that was obviously a pumpkin pie. The driver smiled at me when I got on even though he must have wished that he could have passed my corner so he could get home faster. There was an Air Force private who kept trying to catch the eye of a girl in a leather jacket who got off at the railroad station. And there was a woman with an old black coat and wrinkled stockings who got off in front of a fraternity house.

After the bus had gone a few blocks, it stopped, and a girl got on. I picked up the dime which she dropped and handed it to her. She mumbled something about her hands being cold and dropped it again. Embarrassed, she picked it up and dropped it into the slot. As the bus lurched forward, she sat down across the aisle from me.

She wore no stockings or lipstick, and her legs and lips were tinged with blue. Our eyes met, and we both quickly started reading the advertisements above the windows. I didn't look at her again until I reached up to pull the signal cord. She was doing the same thing. This time we both smiled and rose to get off the bus. We crossed the street together, and I pointed to a nearby restaurant and blurted, "Are you going to eat there?" She was.

We ordered turkey and talked about school, the weather, and why we weren't home. We discovered that we were in a hygiene lecture together and that we both lived in Southern Illinois. The dinner wasn't very good, but it didn't matter much.

After eating, we left the restaurant and walked back across the street. I wanted to ask her if she would go to the show with me, but I had spent most of my money on our dinner, so I said, "I have to make it back to my room and study." We took the bus back to the campus, and she got off at her corner.

When I got back to the barracks it had started snowing, and I noticed that the streetlights were on. My room was still cold, so I went to bed.

Today, we could easily form new races of men. For example, if men with long noses started marrying only women with long noses, we would have, in a few generations, an entire race of long-nosed people. During this time a race of "shortnoses" would also be created merely because none of the long-nosed men would marry the short-nosed women, and the "shortnoses" would therefore have to marry each other. Soon, it would be considered very improper for a "longnose" to be seen sitting by the side of a "shortnose." Now, almost everyone will agree that such an attitude is foolish and absolutely without reason, yet almost any one of these same people would probably feel uncomfortable, if not insulted, if he had to sit by a person with a skin colored differently from his own.

Progress?

ROLAND WULBERT

Rhetoric 101, Theme 9

BASIL SAT SPELLBOUND AS THE TRAIN HURTLED TOWARD Pauline. The air was filled with the shrieks of women. "Oh well," thought Basil, "this is where I came in. I guess I might as well go home to the wife." Basil walked up the aisle and noticed an usher carrying out a woman who had fainted. As Basil stepped out into the street he felt a wave of depression sweep over him. In an effort to bolster his spirits he pictured himself as the dashing hero in "Perils of Pauline." His nagging wife was forgotten. His tedious job was forgotten. And the trouble with Kaiser Bill was forgotten. "Why can't real life be like it is in the movies?" he thought. "Life is too complex today. Everyone is trying to do everyone else in. It's good that science has developed things like the movies to take people's minds off their troubles. Science is great," he thought. Basil complimented himself on his philosophic thinking and walked home in high spirits.

"Science is great, all right," thought Basil. He was now thirty years older. Thirty years of tension and strain had left their mark on him. He walked in a slouch and the hard lines that marked his face were very rarely relaxed in a smile. It was one of those rare moments now. "Sound, color, wide screens, hi-fidelity sound, even wider screens, and three dimensions," he thought. "It's funny, when I was young I used to think that life was complex. Now I know what the word *complex* really means. I'd better hurry home. I don't want to miss Jackie Gleason. If it wasn't for the movies and T.V. I think life would be unbearable." Basil had started to picture himself as the hero in "The Robe" when he spotted a casual acquaintance coming toward him. He crossed the street. He wanted to be alone with this thoughts.

Basil Jr. was feeling pretty good. His father had been dead for a good many years now and was no longer missed. Basil had just "seen" the movies' newest technological development—4-D. "Actually," he thought, "'seen' isn't the right word to use. When I adjusted those straps to my wrists I *felt* what was happening! I heard they're having trouble clearing out the theatre. Some people buy tickets in the morning, strap themselves in, and stay all day. I guess they just want to get away from it all." Basil Junior knew that life had become very complex, but he had been brought up in such an atmosphere of tension that he didn't realize how bad it really was. He didn't realize that the suicide and insanity rates had been rising rapidly since World War II. Basil didn't realize how bad it really was, but he was affected. He went to the 4-D movies four or five times a week, and sometimes he would stay for

two or three shows. He never thought why he went; going to the movies had become a reflex action. He didn't realize that the pace of everyday living would eventually drive him insane if he were left without an avenue of escape.

Basil Junior's son stuck the needle marked "intravenous feeding" into his arm. He switched on the electricity. "Yep, science sure is great," he thought. "With this new development I become a part of the movie. I feel, hear, see, smell, and think everything the hero does." The "movies" sometimes lasted for a day or two, so safety precautions, such as feeding, had to be taken. As the anesthetic began to take over, the familiar tingling sensation spread over his body . . . "I heard that rich people are stocking up on supplies, taking an overdose of anesthetic, and living their last six or seven years 'in the movies,'" he thought drowsily. "After all, it's not such a bad way to go. If the world situation gets any worse I might even"

THE PRINCE OF PRINT

(Apologies to Ring Lardner)

I run a spot close to the *Mirror* Building. Lots of guys that work on the *Mirror* and other sheets come in and use my knives and forks. Billy Black, a young prelim fighter, comes into my place. I said young prelim fighter; all prelim boys are young. They either move up or move out. I hear that the guys who know are telling Billy to hang up; he'll never get any place in the punch parade. He can't hit, duck, or run.

Black stands close to the bar until Mike Miller sees him and gives him the "come here." Billy walks over to the table where Miller and a bottle blonde are eating. Black stands because Mike does not offer a chair. Their conversation goes on while the blonde finishes her steak. Quite a congenial group, the kid standing, Miller talking, and the woman eating. Miller stops talking and starts eating, so the kid leaves. On the way out Billy says to me, "What a great guy Mr. Miller is! He got me a main event for Friday."

Yea kid, that's great. Why don't you make it your last and come tend bar for me?

Miller is tall, thin and dresses like a play boy. He's not; he's sports writer for the *Mirror*. Pogo and Miller's column make the *Mirror* sell. The Great Mike has picked more winners than any other sports writer in town. Mike's success has not made him high hat. He was before.

About half way through dessert the blonde gets up from the table bawling and heads home. You have to talk real sweet to get that kind to cry. Probably he told her, "Turn in the furs and get someone else to pay the rent."

Jack Morrison is a photographer for the *Mirror*, and he often works with Miller. Jack comes in with a girl on his arm. Every guy in the place starts thinking and drinking. Morrison takes his girl over to Miller's table and introduces them. Miller does not rise, but Morrison and his date sit down. The chit-chat is running to dry goods. I can tell because Mike gives Jack's suit the fabric test. The suit must not have passed because big-hearted Mike offers Jack a fist of bills to start him on the way to being well-clad. Morrison and the doll get up and depart like rabbits.

Miller has had a fine evening and on his way out tips me five. I own the place; why doesn't he tip the waiters?

The rest of the week goes by without pain. This morning I read Miller's column, and he is shedding a tear over the ring death of Billy Black. Miller wants to know why the officials let such a boy in the ring.

ROBERT J. BIER, 100.

A Visit with Der Führer

RICHARD A. McALEENAN

Rhetoric 102, Theme 6

THE OLD DOOR CREAKED AS I PUSHED IT OPEN. I GAZED into the stillness of the dark, gloomy hall. The serenity was broken by the squeak of the boards beneath my feet as I walked toward the massive staircase. At times, I could hear rats running among the rafters and under the floor. With caution, I proceeded up the stairs, thinking of what my comrades would say about my late arrival.

I used to laugh at superstitions and at people who believed in them; I did not believe in mediums and their ability to make contact with the dead. But now my attitude had changed. I myself had already talked to deceased heroes, and I was on my way to interview another. The man to whom we were to talk today was far more important than the rest. But would Adolf Hitler have time for our small group? I would soon know!

I reached the top step. The hallway on the second floor was gloomier than the one I had just left. As I walked toward the end of the corridor, a bat zoomed over my head and flew out a broken window. I stopped at a door near the fire-escape and tapped twice, waited, and tapped twice again. The door opened slowly, and a short man with a thin, black mustache and pearly teeth said, "You are late, comrade. Take your seat and we shall begin the meeting."

The other ten members of our group, sitting at a long table, watched me as I moved slowly across the dark room and took my place at the far end of the table. The man who had met me at the door, the leader of our group, sat down at the head of the table and said, "We shall begin."

Everyone put his hands on the table, bowed his head, and listened while the leader recited something in a language with which the rest of us were not familiar. We remained in this position for several minutes. Suddenly, the room was ablaze with a bright flash that vanished as quickly as it has appeared. The members of the group raised their heads slowly. And there where the leader had been sitting just a few seconds before sat Adolf Hitler.

A sly smile appeared on his face as he eyed each of us cautiously. He began speaking in English marked by a definite German accent. He told us that since his time was valuable and since he could not be with us long, we should ask our questions as fast and as clearly as possible.

Time permitted each of us to ask only one question. The gentleman sitting across the table from me, a mechanic, began the discussion. He wanted to know about Hitler's car, a Rolls-Royce. With great enthusiasm Hitler told him about its twelve-cylinder, 240-horsepower, chromium-plated motor and

its bullet-proof windows. He told us why he had purchased it. "It was really Eva's idea," he said. "She thought I would need it for protection and that it would also be handy for our pleasure trips."

With this, a middle-aged spinster sat forward on the edge of her chair and with a sheepish look asked, "Are all those things true—what they say about you and your mistress—I mean Eva Braun?"

Hitler ran the index finger of his left hand across his mustache, grinned and said, "My dear madam, I am not sure what people are saying about Eva and me, but I will tell you one thing—if your Mr. Kinsey had interviewed my Eva, he would now be on his third volume."

The discussion continued, and each member asked his question. An elderly gentleman, who seemed to be from a more aristocratic class than the rest of us, wanted to know what Hitler thought of the present situation of the Russian government.

Der Führer looked at him intently and replied, "My government failed because of friction within our party. The same thing is happening in Russia today. Unless something is done about the greed among the present Russian government officials, the nation will crumble. The Russian leaders are afraid of each other; no one knows where he stands. For the Russian government or any other government, this is bad—very bad! How well I know!"

Time was running out. "I have time for just one more question," resumed Hitler, and he looked at me. I felt quite nervous and insignificant; but still I stared back at him inquisitively and said, "To my knowledge, sir, I have never heard a full account of your death. I do not believe your body was ever found. If you do not mind, I would like to know just how you did die."

He stood up and looked at me rather strangely. Then his eye traveled slowly around the table as he noted the expressions on the faces of the other members of our group; and again his gaze settled on me. His mustache quivered as he replied, "Who said I was *dead*?"

No sooner had he finished his last word than again the room was illuminated with a sudden, bright flash. The room regained its calmness, and there at the end of the table, where Hitler had stood, sat the short man with the pearly teeth.

The student is torn between dating, activities, and homework. Because of the excessive burden of homework which he is sometimes assigned, he needs to go on a date to relax. Then because of the date, he doesn't have time to do his homework as thoroughly as he should. Activities take some more of his time, so he usually cuts down his sleep in order to have time for more important duties. Sometimes he gets so tired and disgusted he just doesn't care any more and doesn't do anything.

His oppressor, the teacher, is also desperate. He is trying to educate a group of students, many of whom don't want to learn. If he makes easy assignments, he is popular, but the students don't learn much. If he makes hard assignments, the students learn more but dislike him. He is struggling to achieve a balance between his inborn desire to be popular and his sense of duty.—PAUL DUFFEY, 102.

Should Germany Be Rearmed?

ALVIN P. BERNSTEIN

Rhetoric 102, Theme 1

PROBABLY THE MOST URGENT QUESTION FACING THE non-communist nations today is the rearming of our recent foe, Germany.

At first glance the answer seems simple since the need for a strong deterrent to communist aggression in central Europe is obvious, and the only available country is Germany. The next step, again obviously, should be the rearming of Germany either as a full member of NATO or as a member of a revived European Army. One then pauses to ask why the French are so strongly opposed to such a step when it appears that they would be next in line if Germany were to fall. Could the French have any legitimate reason for opposing German rearmament? The answer is yes. Yes, there is a good reason for opposing it, perhaps more valid than the one for advocating rearmament.

Ever since Germany was first united, she has played the role of middleman in Europe. Time and time again she has successfully played off the East against the West while building her own strength for conquest and aggression. The whole history of Germany has been one of aggressive attack on other nations, and the item that stands out most in the mind of the average Frenchman is that it has been France who received the punishment most of the time. In the Franco-Prussian War, World War I, and World War II, Germany has demonstrated that she cannot be trusted along the French border. The French know, even if we do not, that the questions of Alsace, the Saar, and the Ruhr deeply disturb the Germans and that once they achieve equal status with the other NATO nations, the Germans will be desirous of regaining and retaining these areas.

Already within Germany are heard the rumblings of neo-Nazi groups—groups who are making the same noises about the present armistice as Hitler made about Versailles. Once the Allied overseers are removed, the power of these groups will grow. The rise of Hitler showed us how the German Officer Corps, looking for a man strong enough to save Germany economically, was willing to accept one who would enslave it politically.

This country has only a short history compared to that of Europe and Asia, but it is one in which the ideas and ideals of liberty and freedom are most important. The history of Germany is long and it is replete with ideals of conquest and domination of others. We must learn from history. We must not unleash the tiger again. We must not rearm Germany.

Involved But Not Diminished

LEWIS GESSLER

Rhetoric 101

"Any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind, and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee."—John Donne.

PERSONALLY, WHENEVER I HEAR THE BELL TOLLING, I do not feel diminished in the least (that's assuming, of course, that I don't know the individual cashing in his chips). Paradoxically, at such a time I can only hope that this individual is followed by certain other of his fellows. This, you may say, is an exceedingly cold-hearted attitude and reflects my lack of compassion for my fellow humans.

On the contrary, my feelings are inspired by a desire to make the world a better place in which to live. To be perfectly frank, it is my contention, although the feeling never reaches the point of violence, that the world could scarcely even approach becoming a utopia (which is what almost everyone would like—with various degrees of intensity) without the elimination of a major portion of the population.

Of course, I'd never advocate this mass-murder—it's a means hardly justified by the end.

Just why do I fail to feel the proper sorrow upon hearing the bell? Look at it this way. Consider the whole population of, say, Chicago. Pretend it is the whole population of the world. It's fairly well stratified into intellectual levels, I think, just as the world is. So, in Chicago we have people with I.Q.'s ranging from almost 0 to over 180, with most of them clustered about the 100 mark. This condition means that half of the citizens of Chicago have below-average intelligence. (By the way, make this statement at the table some day and watch your friends protest loudly.)

Next, you'll have to go along with me in saying that those of less than average I.Q. add very little to the common welfare (I'm not referring to production of material wealth). Naturally, there are exceptions but I think you'll find that this is generally true. Very few in this classification are avid readers of the news section and editorials of papers, are religious frequenters of libraries, are well educated, or are members of civic or charitable organizations. Since it is these activities that contribute most to any degree of civilization which we now enjoy, I find these below-averagers guilty not only of failing to pull their own weight but of actually dragging the whole ship of state down.

I hope you don't consider me a snob for writing this, but I consider it a mere repetition of facts already presented many times in the past.

So here we are, back in Chicago, with a population of about four million, approximately half of whom are millstones about Father Dearborn's neck.

Now let's look at the two million above-averagers. We can't make the mistake of confusing intelligence with wisdom, knowledge, or even public consciousness. (Of the three qualities, I consider the last the most beneficial to a civilization.) These are the three qualities which, I feel, are the main requisites for citizens whose decisions would be capable of producing an "ideal society," or anything closely approximating it.

The degree of these attributes which I consider adequate for the development of this society are possessed by only half of the above-averagers and not necessarily the highest half, either!

So here we have a city of four million reduced to one million people who actually contribute to the general social well-being of the inhabitants. It is they who study and follow the records of the public officials and vote accordingly; it is they who study issues to be acted upon by legislatures and then give the elected representatives their opinions; it is they who assimilate knowledge, evaluate the facts, and institute the reforms that enhance the social and personal prosperity of the population.

Now, if we expand the situation to apply to the whole world we find one-fourth of the population working to create a better world while the balance are either lying dormant or are intent only on furthering their own selfish ends. Because of this disparity, the world has fallen short of the expectations of even the least demanding of the idealists.

Therefore, when I hear that bell (manifested in the form of obituaries) I can only think to myself, "The law of averages says that the chances are that he's one of that damned three-quarters who are screwing up the world. I don't know this chap but chances are, with the gradual bettering of the world's educational opportunities, that the people in the next column (the birth notices) will be better prepared to lead the way to a happier and more provident future society."

And that is why, upon notice of a death, far from feeling diminished, I experience a swelling of hope that the infant squalling in the hospital will help form a better world than did the cadaver being cried over in the cemetery.

Only a few street lights flickered in the quiet avenue. Now and then a single star winked down, but it was soon swallowed by the greying clouds. While a surprised snowman watched, fluttering snowflakes skidded off his nose onto the already glistening ground. Distorted trees and shrubs loomed large in their white robes, and, as though an artist had sketched them in black and white, houses of all sizes were outlined against the sky. Nature was preparing the street for Christmas.

Rhet as Writ

Sales continued to drop on movies and more and more people were buying their own television sets instead of watching their neighbors.

* * *

Not many people would ever think of the engine as a safety device . . . It can also be a dangerous weapon.

* * *

This mental capability is developed as close to its limit as possible. The men in the experimental fields are very fertile.

* * *

A life in the service can completely change the ideals and morals of a young man; of course, it can also better them.

* * *

The American automobile is one of the safest conveyances on the face of the earth as far as safety devices go. Of course, it still is not as safe as staying home.

* * *

Men and women at the age of eighteen are not developed similarly.

* * *

If the mind is at ease things just seem to go along much smoother. For this reason I believe it should be one's constant companion.

* * *

In his right hand he held a gun which could have been used for both protection and food.

* * *

It is my belief that entirely too many people are leaving college with what is called a college education.

* * *

The Dulles policy in Indo-China is sure to spell disaster.

* * *

I had five minutes to choose between death and a foolish bride [i.e. pride].

* * *

I know very well what this world would come to if evil was not retaliated. People would continue doing evil things . . . Eventually our democracy would be a land run by individuals.

* * *

With a small amount of care from their parents these juveniles can be prevented.

* * *

Many times I have seen a boy, his dog, and his gun walking off toward the river or woods for hours of enjoyment.